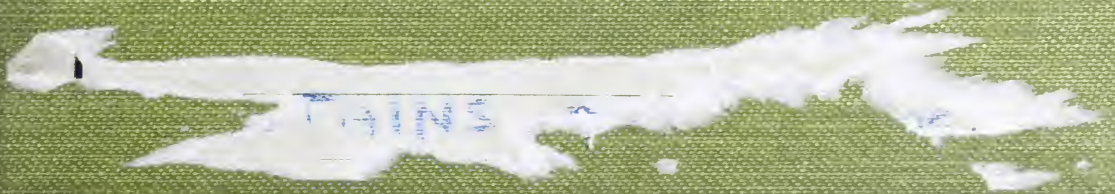
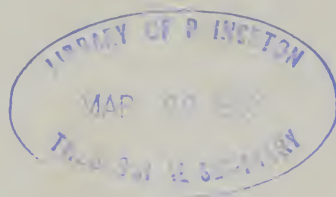


The
CHRONICLE
of the

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1926





I-7

Editorial Department
London Missionary
Society.

TO BE RETURNED
TO THE EDITOR,
L. M. S.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
LIVINGSTONE HOUSE,
BROADWAY, S.W.1.



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The CHRONICLE

OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY



From "The Adoration of the Magi" by Jean de Mabuse

THE CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY—
WOMANHOOD AND CHILDHOOD HONoured

:: ANNOUNCEMENTS ::

THE REGISTER

Arrivals

Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Buck, from Ambalovao, Madagascar, October 3rd.

Dr. S. G. Peill, from Tsangchow, N. China, October 9th.

Miss K. B. Evans, from Shanghai, October 20th.

Miss Hare, from Fianarantsoa, Madagascar, October 23rd.

Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Witney, from Salem, S. India, October 27th.

Rev. C. D. Cousins, from Australia, October 30th.

Rev. Alexander King, from China, via Canada, November 3rd.

Rev. and Mrs. D. O. Jones and family, from Imerimandroso, Madagascar, November 6th.

Mrs. Milledge, from Tananarive, Madagascar, November 6th.

Departures

Misses Elizabeth and Eleanor Lomas, returning to Tananarive, Madagascar, per ss. *Aveateur Roland Gairos*, from Marseilles, October 14th.

Rev. F. A. A. and Mrs. Rumpus, returning to Cuddapah, S. India, per ss. *City of Venice*, from Naples, October 23rd.

Rev. F. A. and Mrs. Stowell, returning to Bangalore, S. India, and Miss M. Streeter, returning to Salem, S. India, per ss. *Margha*, October 23rd.

Miss G. Meech, returning to Tientsin, per ss. *Malwa*, November 5th.

Birth

LIDDELL.—At Tingchow, South China, on 8th October, to Dr. and Mrs. Robert V. Liddell (née Ria Aitken), London Mission, Tingchow, a daughter.

Deaths

WILLS.—On October 26th, at Wimborne, G. Bernard Wills, of Almora, 1900–1923, aged 53.

COUSINS.—On November 8th, at Falmouth Villa, Winchester Road, Worthing, the Rev. George Cousins, Missionary in Madagascar, 1864 to 1883, and Editorial and Joint Foreign Secretary in the Mission House from 1884 to 1909, aged 84 years.

M.A.C. Easter School

The 1927 Easter School arranged by the Metropolitan Auxiliary Council will be held at a very attractive centre at Eastbourne. There will be accommodation for 120, and as a considerable number of applicants had to be refused last year it is advisable to apply early. The printed programme, giving all particulars, will be ready shortly and can be had on application to the Secretary, M.A.C., L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. The President of the School will be Dr. Harold Moody, and the Foreign Field of Study, Africa.

Donation

The Directors have pleasure in acknowledging with thanks, a donation as follows:

"Gratitude," £1.

Monthly Prayer Meeting

The M.A.C. Prayer Meeting will be held in the Committee Room (top floor) at 48, Broadway, on Friday, December 17th, at 5.30 p.m. Rev. A. Shave, B.A., Chairman of the Enfield Group, will preside.

Young Men's Union

A meeting will be held in London at Westminster Congregational Church on Tuesday, December 7th, for young men between 16 and 35 years of age. There will be tea at 6.15 p.m. for the convenience of those coming straight from business, and at 7 p.m. Mr. Angel Wakely will take the chair and Rev. G. E. Phillips, M.A., will speak. There will be discussion of the aims and work of the Y.M.U. and it is hoped to make a strong start in London. All young men are invited.

The first National President of the Y.M.U. is Rev. R. Angel Wakely, and the Secretary Mr. Frank A. Foster. Letters asking for information may be addressed to the Secretary at 93, Napier Road, Tottenham, London, N.18, or to the Mission House.

Luncheon Hour Talks to Business Men

All men are cordially invited to these Luncheons, which are held fortnightly in the LIBRARY of the MEMORIAL HALL, 1 to 2 p.m. sharp, charge 1s. 6d.

On Wednesday, December 1st, Rev. Godfrey E. Phillips, M.A., Foreign Secretary, L.M.S., will speak on "German Missions in India."

On Wednesday, December 15th, Rev. R. O. Hall, M.A., Speaker. Address: "An Englishman just home from China."

The Luncheons will be resumed on January 19th. Programmes of Rev. S. J. Cowdy, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, S.W.1.

Luncheons for Business Women.

In the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, on Wednesday, December 8th, from 1 to 2 p.m. prompt.

Subject: "Among the Lepers."

Speaker: Dr. Robert G. Cochrane, Travelling Secretary to the Mission to Lepers.

The charge for luncheon is 1s. 6d.

Wants Department

Miss Tidball, of Bangalore, would be greatly helped by the gift of a portable typewriter.

Miss Usher, of Berhampur, would be grateful for the gift of lantern slides—Bible stories, and the stories of heroes, *not Livingstone*.

All intending donors are asked to write to the Secretary, Wants Department, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1., before sending gifts.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT.—It is requested that all Remittances be made to the Rev. W. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS.—It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the Directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £100 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

DECEMBER, 1926

Blind John of Johannesburg

By Ernest Dugmore

I
“GOOD AFTERNOON, Meenister.”
I turned from the crowd of natives who were welcoming me as their new Missionary to see who the speaker was, and there stood John Monakwe, a young man of about twenty-six years of age. I put out my hand to greet him, and then I noticed that he was blind.

“How did you lose your eyesight?” I asked.

“It was a blasting accident, meenister; I had to go down a well to dig out a charge of dynamite which had not fired; as I was removing the ground it went off, and I knew no more until some hours afterwards. I had terrible pain in my head and could see nothing. I asked what had happened, and was told that both my eyes had been destroyed.”

Next day John came to have a chat with me, and I learnt that he came from Moshupa, a town about eighteen miles north of Kanye. He had been converted at Zeerust in the Transvaal two years before through the preaching of an African named Elijah Mmoholo. Six months afterwards with the loss of his eyes came not only physical but also spiritual darkness; his life became a burden to himself and to his friends. Such was John's story.

After this his visits became frequent. His gloom seemed to grow deeper. He cultivated a whining, begging tone, and as he usually wanted some-

thing and took up a lot of time I could ill spare, I must confess I began to lose patience with him.

“John,” I said, “this must stop. You say you are a Christian; well, you ought to behave like one. It is true you have lost your sight, but your spiritual eyes have been opened. You are living among heathen people, why do you not try and lead them to God? You know the Way.”

“But I don't know what to do, meenister.”

“I will give you some Bibles and other books to sell. For every pound's worth of books you dispose of I will allow you five shillings. In that way you will earn an honest living and also help your people.”

“I can be berry glad if the meenister can do so,” was the humble reply.

So John was sent off to his home as a colporteur.

II

A month later I went over to Moshupa



Blind John and his Wife

to conduct services. John was sitting just below the pulpit; he looked more depressed than ever. "Well, my friend," I said, "how many books have you sold?" "I have sold only two Bibles, meenister; the people they ses they can't read, so what shall they do with the books?"

After church I had to listen to all John's aches and pains, and then came a request. "Will the meenister please take me to Mafeking Hospital so that the doctor can examine my eyes? Some people ses they thinks the white doctor can be able to help me." I agreed, but warned him that I did not think any doctor could restore his eyesight.

The day arrived when I had to go down to Mafeking on business, and I sent for John. After five hours' motoring I introduced him to the doctor, who just glanced at the eyes then turned away with a shudder. "No, my poor man, no one can restore your sight."

But John was not convinced. "When you go to Gaberones, please take me to that hospital, meenister." "It is no use," I replied, "no doctor can help you." "If I turn my face to the sun I can see a red light," he replied, "so perhaps a good doctor can make me well." A few months later John was standing before the doctor at Gaberones, only to meet with the same verdict, "No hope." "Let him stay in the hospital for a bit," said the doctor to me, "he is very run down, and there may be some sand in his eyes which I may be able to remove and thus lessen his pain."

So John stayed for nearly three months, and came out a stronger and a happier man.

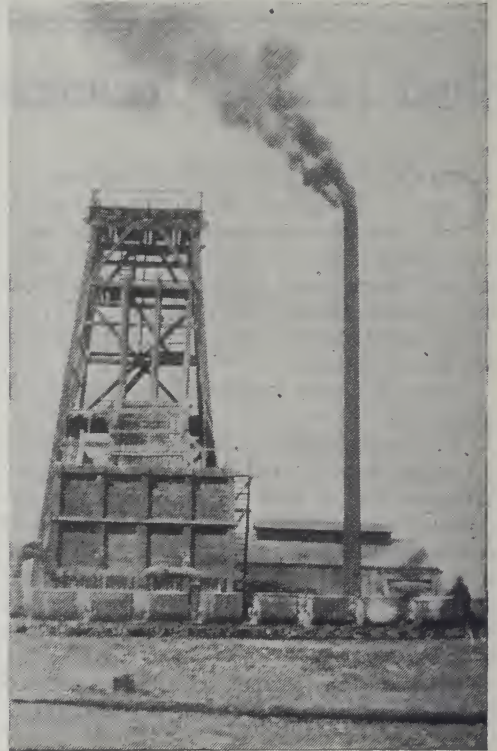
"If only he could read," I said to my wife, "life would not be so dreary to him." "I will write to my sister," she replied, "and see if she can get any Braille books in England."

In due course the books arrived, and my little daughter Mavis, who died recently, undertook to be his teacher. Hour after hour she patiently guided his finger over the alphabet until he had mastered it. His face grew brighter as the days passed and his voice took on a cheery tone. Soon he was able to read short sentences.

A few months later he turned up at the Mission House to say good-bye to me. "Where are you going to?" I asked. "I am going to Johannesburg, meenister." And so he set out for the city of gold, three hundred miles distant, armed with his Braille book and led by a little boy.

III

"Hallo, here is a letter from John Monakwe, written from Johannesburg. I wonder what he is doing." I soon knew. John had begun to preach. On weekdays he sat in the streets and begged, on Sundays he preached to the men working in the mines.



A Pit Head at Johannesburg

He soon gathered a band of young Christian men around him, which he called "The Congregation," and his letter closed with the words: "The Congregation greets you, meenister, and it can be berry glad if you can come up and give the Communion." Letter after letter followed urging me to go up, until at last I was able to go. I arrived in Johannesburg in the early morning without any clear plans. I knew only one man in that great city, a manager of an Insurance Company, but I did not know his address.

After breakfast I strolled down one of the streets lost in thought. I walked aimlessly for a quarter of an hour then drew up with a start. The unexpected had happened. Right in front of me in large letters I read the name of the Insurance Company I was

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Blind John of Johannesburg

seeking. I went in and met my friend, who invited me to stay with him. On Sunday morning he motored me to the gates of the Wolhuter Mine, where John's "Congregation" usually met. As soon as I dismounted some young men who had evidently been on the look-out came forward to meet me. They conducted me to the place of worship, which turned out to be a large hospital ward. Here at last I met "The Congregation."

IV

A few months later I was surprised to find John Monakwe and his little boy sitting under a tree beside the Kanye Mission House. "Well, John," I said as I greeted him, "what are you doing here? I thought you were still in Johannesburg. With whom have you left those few sheep?" But John's face was very sad and solemn. "The Union Government has told me to come back to the Protectorate; it won't let me stay in Johannesburg because I have no work to do; the Government he says there are enough blind beggars in the Union, he cannot allow blind people to come from the Protectorate."

"Never mind, John," I said, "cheer up; I will try and get you into the Bible Class at Tiger Kloof for a year."

John was comforted and went off to his father's home at Moshupa to await results. But Tiger Kloof could not take him.

The way seemed closed. I gave up in despair, but John did not. He presented himself at my home carrying his Braille book and led by the little boy Willie.

"Whither away, John?" I inquired. "I am going back to Johannesburg, meenister." "What is the good," I retorted. "They will only turn you out again." "We shall see," was his quiet reply.

V

Once more John set his face towards the East and for a few months I heard nothing about him. Then came a letter to say that he was back in Johannesburg, and that "the Congregation greets you, meenister, and wishes you to come up and give the Communion."

Again I went and sympathetic officials showed me a few of the compounds. About two hundred thousand Africans are gathered here for mine work. What a strategic centre for winning this sub-continent for Christ. We let our young men come to this city, this

"University of Crime," as the late Mr. Merriman is reported to have called it, and we make no provision for their spiritual welfare. Is it any wonder that our Church membership in the Protectorate usually numbers five women to every man and that most of these men are old and feeble? If only the young men on the mines could be won for Christ what a power they would be when they returned to their homes!

VI

In November, 1925, I paid a visit to John Monakwe's heathen father in Moshupa. The old man was very glad to see me, and presented me with a sheep as a token of gratitude. "For," said he, "you have carried my blind son on your back. Do you know," he continued, "that John is going to get married?" "What," I exclaimed, "surely you are joking?" "It is a fact," he replied, "I have just finished negotiating matters."

A month later the bridegroom-to-be turned up. "And so you are thinking of taking unto yourself a wife?" "Yes, meenister," then in a very cautious tone he added: "But matters is not yet feexed up nicely."

In January, 1926, he brought his blushing fiancée, Miss Shem, to me to have the banns published. The banns were called for the last time and the marriage was fixed for 10 a.m. next day. Early that morning the aunt of the girl came to me in a terrible state of mind. "Keitumetse has gone and we cannot find her; poor John, what will he do? This is the *seventeenth* girl he has tried to get married to," she sobbed. "I had hoped he would succeed this time."

"But," I said, "the girl gave her consent. Does she not love John?" "With her whole heart," was the reply. "I think she must have gone off to Lobatsi to pray for her father's consent, not knowing that it had been obtained by the magistrate." "Well, jump into the motor-car," I said, "and we'll soon overtake her." We raced along for ten miles, but there was no sign of the truant. So we had to give up the chase and return home, only to find that she had been found at a friend's home. The wedding took place at 3 p.m. instead of at 10 a.m.

VII

It only remains for me to record what John has actually done in Johannesburg. Perhaps I can best do this by giving a description of my last visit there on August 11th, 1926.

At eleven o'clock our meeting began in a large hospital ward which had been put at our disposal. The room was half filled with keen young fellows. After the first hymn I heard a company singing just outside the window and thought somebody was arranging an opposition show. I was soon undeceived,

succeeded in finding each other's hands they thought it a great joke and roared with laughter.

In the afternoon we had two services, the second being the Communion. Ten young people joined for the first time.

At the close of the day good-byes were



John and his Company at Johannesburg

5033

for John invited me to step out and shake hands with the "Randfontein Congregation." It consisted of about twenty men and women, who had come thirty miles by train. Among them was a blind woman, and it was pathetic watching John shaking hands with her. When they eventually

said, and it did my heart good to see how tenderly and affectionately the people greeted their blind leader.

John is now working in six centres and has a membership of sixty-eight, whilst there are forty-three preparing for reception into the Church.

A Christmas Thanksgiving

Let us give thanks—

For the grace of Christmas, and the joy of giving.

For all the increase of the Kingdom of God that the year has brought.

For the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations and the return of German Missions to their former spheres of service.

Let us pray—

For peace on earth, goodwill among men, both at home and abroad.

"O God our Father, Who didst send forth Thy Son to be King of Kings and Prince of Peace, grant that all the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of Christ,

Looking Backward and Ahead

and learn of Him the way of peace. Send forth among all men the Spirit of goodwill and reconciliation. Let those who are offended forgive, and those who have offended repent, so that all Thy children may live together as one family, praising Thee and blessing Thee for the great redemption which Thou hast wrought for us, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

For the L.M.S. Board Meeting, December 15th.

For the rising tide of youth, and especially the Girls' Auxiliary and the Young Men's Union.

For a glad Christmas in the Mission Field and wherever the children of missionaries are.

THE HOUSE OF BREAD

I t fell about the Christmas,—
The sun was going down —
I heard a voice come crying
Across the busy town.

"Oh, sore is My compassion
For souls that go unfed,
So hungry, hungry, hungry,
And no one gives them bread."



I t fell about the Christmas—
When night was very still,
I heard a voice come crying
Across a lonely hill.

"Oh, sore is My compassion
For souls that wander wide;
So weary, weary, weary,
And cannot find a guide—"

I t comes about the Christmas—
A call to you and me—
They heard it on the hillside—
Above the Eastern sea.

"So many going hungry,
So many weary feet,
And are My friends forgetting
To give them all to eat?"



We'll take them to the Manger
Where welcome never fails,
Where Baby Hands out-stretching
Grow ready for the nails.

In Bethlehem His Guest-room,
The homely House of Bread,
He is waiting, waiting, waiting
Till all the world be fed.

George Cousins

"GEORGE COUSINS passed away this morning." That telephoned message which reached the Missionary Society on November 8th will awaken memories in many readers of THE CHRONICLE, which he edited from 1884 to 1898.

Born at Abingdon in 1842, George Cousins was at a later date a member of the famous Bible Class at Trinity Church, Reading. It was called Mr. Silver's class, and the Register shows that at one time it had on its roll five boys who became L.M.S. missionaries. In 1858 the Register contained the names of George Lawes, Frank Lawes, George Cousins, W. E. Cousins, and Joseph King. William Cousins went to Madagascar in 1862, and George followed him two years later. The other three went to the South Seas. There can hardly have been another class with a record like that of Mr. Silver's.

In Madagascar George Cousins was engaged chiefly in the training of native students and in the preparation of literature. His experience in those tasks brought him the large responsibility of sharing in the revision of the Malagasy Bible.

For family reasons he returned home in 1883 and at once took up work which was waiting to be done at Headquarters.

First as Deputation Secretary to London, then as Editor of publications, and finally as Joint Foreign Secretary with Dr. Wardlaw Thompson, Mr. Cousins gave efficient and faithful service in many forms. As one of the Foreign Secretaries his special responsibility was for China and Madagascar. Three

A Good Servant of Jesus Christ

of his children went out to China under the Society—Arthur, Charles and Agnes Lillie.

George Cousins served on the Headquarters staff during years which were full of change and movement. In 1891 there was that radical change, the Democratisation of the Board. From a small Directorate the administration passed to a large representative body of three hundred persons from all parts of the United Kingdom, who met

once a fortnight in London. The change in the amount of work thrown upon the Secretaries was enormous, but during those years and during the disturbance inevitable in the removal of the L.M.S. offices first to No. 30, Gray's Inn Road, and then to 16, New Bridge Street, Mr. Cousins could be found at any time ready to give kindly, concentrated and skilled attention to any matters placed before him.

He retired in 1909, and has since been living at Worthing. A representative of the Headquarters staff saw him there on

his 84th birthday last May, and it was evident that his mind was full of happy interests which were almost entirely identified with the work and workers of the Society in which he himself had borne a distinguished part during a long life.

Three times did the Board send George Cousins abroad as a Deputation. He went to British Guiana with the Rev. William Pierce (1899), to China with the Rev. William Bolton, M.A. (1903), and to South Africa with Sir Charles Tarring and the Rev. William Dower (1910).



George Cousins in his office at Headquarters

The Singing Mountains

By R. Lister Turner, M.A.,
of Isuleilei, Papua



5034

Sun on the Hills of Papua

"The hills shall break forth into singing"

IT is morning. There is a slight haze out of doors, and the night has been chilly; but the haze and chilliness are fast disappearing before the bright, warm rays of the sun. In the foreground are beds of roses, the scent of which is wafted through the open casement window: a very much alive robin, from a tree hard by, in his shrill sweet song, is proclaiming to the world what a joyous thing life is!

That is typical of how God works—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad . . . ; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." No condition of life, whether it be in England, China, or Papua, is so desperate and hopeless that God cannot transform and redeem it.

* * * *

An inland village in Papua. The missionary has just arrived, and is anxious to make friends with the natives: but not one individual leaves his hut; only one man will have anything to say to the white man, and even he is full of fear and anxious to get rid of the unwelcome visitor. A small present sent later is not even received. What has happened to make the villagers timid like this? . . .

Months pass, during which the object for which the visit was made is being carried out. Students from Vatorata have been carrying the Christian message to this and neighbouring villages; and where fear and suspicion once reigned, there is the eager and ready welcome as of friends.

* * * *

The scene is changed; a coast village this time. One of the oldest inhabitants is in serious conversation with the missionary.

There has been a very bad drought. To the primitive mind there is but one explanation of this, viz. that someone has been angry, and has prevailed upon the "gods" to cause this evil; and the old man blames his missionary for it, and nothing which the latter may say, can shake his belief! But although superstitions of this kind die hard, it would be difficult to find men in the coast villages of the Central Division of Papua who hold such beliefs to-day; for they have been learning in the intervening years that "the heart of the Eternal is wonderfully kind."

* * * *

One of the most startling changes that have taken place in the last quarter of a century in Papua has been in the quality of the students received at our Training College. In the early days the temper of some of the students was very fickle, and it was thought advisable to collect all the bows and arrows used by the students, and put them out of harm's way lest there should be bloodshed. Laziness and shirking in manual work were common: and cheating in class or in home-work was not regarded as a serious matter. Neither the men nor the women had much regard for their personal appearance, preferring to go about in their oldest and dirtiest garments; in fact, so much was this the case, that a magistrate once made the remark that this was the normal condition of the Vatorata student and his wife! So long as the student got through his four years' course, he cared little whether his work was satisfactory or not.

Now all these things are changed. Students, on the whole, although coming from

different parts of the Territory, live amicably together, and often form strong friendships. They take a pride in doing their manual and schoolwork well, and endeavour to take a creditable place in all examinations. There is little or no cheating, and anyone who is guilty of it, is not looked upon with respect. One seldom sees any of them untidy, except where the manual work they are doing makes this inevitable. And where they are placed in positions of trust they are generally reliable. Only those who had much to do with the removal of the Training Institution from Vatorata to Fife Bay can speak with authority on the adaptability, the patience, the perseverance and genuine hard and strenuous work the students and their wives were called upon to share in that transfer; and all has been done, on the whole, with a cheery and hearty good-will, that speaks volumes for the type of student being received to-day.

* * * *

It was a day in July, 1902, when a great gathering of the inland tribes at the Kalai-golo Mission Station took place. Beautiful and romantic as the inland scenery is from this station, from one point of view it appeared sinister and forbidding, for to visit many of these inland villages amongst their mountain fastnesses was to take one's life

in one's hands. That very fact, however, provided a mighty challenge to the missionary to go in and win all for Christ. On that July day many hundreds of natives met peacefully together, although many of them feared the worst as they made their way up to the Mission compound. There has been sporadic fighting since, and a paternal Government has had to send more than one expedition to quieten the natives and bring peace. But as one gazes from a place of vantage on the Henty Range near the Mission Station at Boku, twenty miles farther inland than Kalaigolo, down upon the valleys and the villages perched on top of the low hills beneath, and up to those upon the higher hills beyond, and farther back still to the Main Range of mountains that rise tier upon tier towards the sky, it is not now with any feeling of fear and dread; for one has travelled to the highest point on the Main Range thereabouts, and has visited with the missionary scores of villages that lie between; and one knows that the missionary and his wife will be received in all as friends, and in many of them in the name of the Lord. Verily the inspired word of prophecy that "the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands" has come true!

King Williamstown's Century

FOR two days in September, King Williamstown, lying in the fair valley of the Buffalo River, South Africa, gave itself up to celebrate the day, a century ago, when John Brownlee, a missionary of the L.M.S., arrived to become the founder of that important border town.

At the chief meeting, after the singing of hymns in the Xosa language accompanied by the Borough Band, General the Hon. Sir John Crewe, K.C.M.G., C.B., who presided, spoke in warm appreciation of the wonderful work missionaries had accomplished in Africa. Their labours had had a great effect not only on the people to whom they ministered but also upon the policy of the Europeans. He echoed the words of Dr. Vijoen, the present Director of Education in Cape Province, to the effect that without the missionaries he could not have touched the fringe of native education. Some had thought that education spoilt the African, but a relation of his (Sir John Crewe's) had

Sir John Crewe Testifies

taken the trouble to go through the records of crime in the country and had found that the percentage of crime among mission-trained natives was almost infinitesimal. He himself stated that after very long administrative experience, wherever there had been trouble it had not been among those educated by missionaries.

At one time when they were practically alone in the country, the missionaries had been both advisers to the Government and to the native chiefs. They had been the greatest factor in rescuing the people from barbarism, in seeing that justice was done to them and bringing them to the Christian faith.

The L.M.S. was represented at the celebrations by the Rev. A. E. Jennings of Kuruman, and the Rev. James Henderson was present to speak for Lovedale Institution, of which he is Principal. The famous Lovedale itself is a witness to L.M.S. activities, as it was named after the first Secretary of the Society, John Love.

Before the Missionaries Came

A Scene in Bechuanaland
By Gabanthate Molosi

Mr. Molosi has been a student at Tiger Kloof and Lovedale. He has written this article to give readers of "The Chronicle" some picture of life in South Africa before the missionaries came.



ISTEN! "I-i-i-banna
lotlhe phuthègèlañ
kwano!" (All men
come to the meeting)
shouts the court crier.
Hastily the men are
going to the *kgotla*
(place of meeting).
The place is getting
full. There! the chief

stands up. His face shows uneasiness.

"Ke bua boyale fha Bokaa fha." (I speak
fierceness to the Bakaa here) are his words as
he points to the hills behind the *kgotla*.
"Rise! makalwane (young men), prepare at
once!"

The hills around resound with the *k'ma*
(national song of war) which the deep-toned
veterans raise as they strike with their sticks
the floor on which they are squatting, while
many a brave rushes forward to play at
mock fight and praise the chief, his own
comrade, or himself. Woe betides the
proved coward who attempts to come into
the arena; the supple *moretlwa* switch
coils itself round his person.

"Hee! ha iba manoñ we!
A lo bōna senōta se gōga thèbè?
Maaka a ya batho!"

(Ah! round us the vultures hover!
Do you see the wounded trail his shield?
The brutes that eat men!)

waxes loud and wanes. The *pitsō* (meeting)
must give way to preparation.

The assegais are keen and firm; the brisk
housewives have long filled the buck-leather
kit-bags with *sekomè* (pop-corn meal) for
ration, so the regiments muster under their
respective captains, each chanting a *moō-
pèlane* (regimental song):

"Hee banna ga re batho
Re 'nama tsa mahuditshana,
Re megolasèlō ea 'kgomo di gapilwe."

(Ah! we men are no human beings,
We are carrion of the bush,
We are the megolasèlō* of looted cattle.)

The impis disappear behind the hills. Ah!
who is there to tell how many in that crowd
at Fate's decree are doomed to look their last
at their dear homes?

All day long the battle fiercely rages. In
the din many a veteran with feather-crested
bori (skin cap) is heard reciting his own
praise or calling a rival comrade to show
that he is in the forefront, while his bloody
spear dives once again into an opponent's
breast. At last the foe is routed, but the
loss is great on both sides. Many faces lie
upturned, many a man disembowelled.

The winged message, "the *dira* are return-
ing" soars from corner to corner of the
village and the expectant villagers are on
the alert.

"Re ea kae, re ea go tsèna ka kae,
Gare ga mabyè a kitlanye a duma?"

(Where, ah, where shall we enter,
When the hills compact are booming?)

There! the plaintive *kōma* is sounding.
Mothers and wives play the spy to catch a
glimpse of those dear to them. How their
hearts beat! Is there to be joy or sorrow?
With unflinching faith the bowls of the
adventurers have been filled every morning
with cold water to appease Death's in-
satiable hunger. Has he, the cruel monster,
accepted the fervent murmur "A 'lhokwa
di robègè" (May the straws break—
Godspeed)? Yes,

"They also serve who only stand and
wait."

The grand army marches to the *kgotla* to
give official report of their mission.

"Wail! Wail!" the bereaved are cry-
ing. A housewife stands on the veranda
of her hut. Her eyes are fixed in the
direction of the *kgotla*. "Who's that?"
she unconsciously asks, "Is it he? Oh!—
yes—at last he comes!" What a relieving
sigh! What welcome awaits the dust-
covered warrior who,

"Thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,"

extends his arm to be kissed and bespattered
with the tears of joy!

* *Megolaselo* are long sticks, hooked at one end
for steadying a cow when milking or a pack-ox
when off-loading. These of course can be replaced
any time.

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THE CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY

By Edward Shillito

**"Captain and Saviour of the host
Of all the Christian chivalry."**

I

Home to Bethlehem

IT is not only of the eternal mystery which broke through into our life that we think when we come back to Bethlehem,

"The place where God was homeless
And all men are at home."

We think also of the mothers, in every land, whose sorrows and joys are for ever consecrated there; and of all children, who because of that Child have a divine radiance shed over them. With the call to adore the Divine Saviour there is blended the call to bring to the women and children of all races the liberating and ennobling Word of the Redeemer. In the lists of the world they have no Champion, like to Him; and from His Spirit has come the impulse of all true chivalry in other ages and in ours. He rides forth to the rescue at the head of a host clothed in white. We cannot therefore come to Bethlehem without remembering how in that manger there was born a new hope for women and children; and how they who inherit the faith of Christ are committed still to the task of all good knights, to defend from oppressors, and wrongdoers, those who are deemed weak in the sight of men.

II

Modern Knights and their Defence of the Weak

The Apostles of Christ, who have left these Western lands for the East and the South, have not commonly had the outward show of the knight. But wherever they have come they have brought new hope, and liberty to women—they have given a new meaning to childhood. They have seen Tradition holding women and children in

bondage; and with a courage born of faith they have attacked even that ancient giant. They have not only done this themselves, but they have encouraged others by their example to break free from the prison. They have been the pioneers of education for women in China and India and Africa. They have introduced a new valuation for womanhood, and added a divine dignity to the lot of the children. And this they have done only because they were bound by unbroken ties to Christ Himself. They have not been agents for Christianity, or Christendom or even the Church, they have offered to the weak the chivalry of their good Captain, Christ. They have preached not themselves nor their Church nor their country, but Christ.

III

Where the Distinction Lies

We have to be on our guard in our missionary pleading against unfairness. It is unjust to compare the best in Christian countries with the worst in non-Christian. It would be equally unjust, and we should resent it, if Chinese and Indians compared their best with the stories of our divorce courts or with the character of a "Mr. Clissold." The plain truth is that in its treatment of woman Christendom is partly Christian, partly Pagan, and sometimes lower than Pagan. The Christian missionary does not go to non-Christian lands saying that he comes from a land which has obeyed Christ. He acknowledges with shame that in his country there are many who deny and many who ignore the mind of Christ. It is not long since in this land Lord Shaftesbury fought his noble battle for women and children, and there are many living to-day who knew and worked with Josephine Butler in her crusade for justice to womanhood. There are needed still societies for the protection of children from neglect and cruelty. And when the

The Christian Chivalry

Christian teacher remembers how in the heart of a Christian country there is often a cold and cynical contempt for womanhood, he will not go to other lands simply as an agent of Western civilization. He goes not with any airs of superiority, but knowing simply that where Christ is trusted and loved and obeyed, there is always a new dignity and beauty and freedom given to the life of women and children. He knows this because he has known what a Christian home can be. And his one concern is to bring this secret to others who have not yet known the grace of Christ. He knows also how where Christ is rejected and ignored, in lands called by His name, there is a horror of deep darkness.

IV

An Example from Islam

In his timely and convincing book *Young Islam on Trek*,* Mr. Basil Mathews finds the ultimate difference between Islam and Christianity in the conception of personality. "In Islam the personality of God, of man, and above all of woman, is fatally inadequate. . . . As a result . . . slavery, polygamy, concubinage are divinely permitted (though not ordered). In consequence, as man is the puppet of Allah, so woman is the puppet of man. So this wholly false view of personality, divine and human, cuts at the roots of civilization itself." This fact is a call in this hour not for those with the Crusader-complex to fight Islam, but for those who have the humility and lowliness of heart, learned from Christ and mightier than any sword; they are to go not with any boasting of our Western ways—after all, are there not many within Christendom who hold precisely the creed of Islam with regard to women? The missionary of to-day is useless unless he goes out in penitence; he knows what soldiers from Islamic countries saw in Christian countries during the war; he is not blind to the terrible fight which lies before the Church in these lands if it is to vindicate the Christian values, and the storm-centre of that fight will be upon the Christian estimate of womanhood.

V

Waiting for their Liberator

On our walls are hung the unfading pictures of the Masters, who loved to return again and again to adorn in golden splen-

dour the story of the manger. In our annals are the stories of chivalry. We read, and shall never cease to read, the *Faerie Queene*. King Arthur and his knights are figures symbolic of something deep down in the heart of Christendom. But our life will not be spent in the contemplation of symbols, but in action. To-day there is still a call from the haunts of cruelty and lust in this and in every land. The knight may well consecrate himself in these days; whether it is his calling to go across the seas or to remain at home, he can be still the knight of Christ, pledged to fight with His weapon for all the oppressed.

For the Christian people in this home here is one more simplification of their problems. It is not now one battle within Christendom and another without. The same battle is to be fought everywhere, and the one issue in East and West is whether in the most holy bonds Christ Himself is to be obeyed or denied. Once more He rides forth, still with the sword in His mouth, and His garments stained with blood. And among all who eagerly listen for the tramp of those horses there are none who need Him and His company more than the women and children of the world.



Sadhu Sundar Singh and two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barber

* This book and "The Christ of the Indian Road" will be welcomed by many for Christmas gifts. See back page.

Remember Finance—

THERE is to be no apology here for putting the urgency for income in the forefront. Our workers are asked to bear prayerfully in mind the fact that we are committed to an income from the home churches of £160,000, and so far our monthly returns are not reaching the figures required. The difficulties in the way of missionary giving and collection are well-known, and in many places this autumn has been one of the worst in recent years. Until the Campaign has done its work of education and inspiration we shall possibly not see a large addition to the numbers of missionary givers. All the more reason therefore to look and work for an increase in sacrificial giving. Our work cannot be done, perhaps it cannot even be held, without it. The reaction of our deeper sacrifice for the Kingdom in our hour of adversity will be realised in China or India or Africa. The spirit expressed here at the centre applies itself in the service of our far-flung frontier line.

And, Remember Prayer

If all our people could be led to pray about their missionary contributions, both in private and in public worship, great things would result. The money that is given with prayer is worth more! It carries power with it, and it is power-filled money that we need. The shilling or more that has been turned from a picture show to Papua, or from cigarettes to China, because of prayer, is twice blessed. Finance is very much more than organisation and does more than oil the wheels of missionary machinery. It is the channel of love and of service. Why not say to God occasionally—

“And help us this and every day,
To give more nearly as we pray.”

We are all in the Programme

Our very discipleship prevents our escape from the liabilities of the Kingdom. From the proceeds of regular contributions we

should secure an advance during December of £5,000, at least, above the giving of last year. The schools and young people are asked to add considerably to the New Year Offering for the ships, and the Communion Offering on the first Sunday of the coming year has some leeway to make up. “As good as last year” isn’t good enough. It is the needs of the present and not the accomplishments of the past that must set our standard.

The Family and the World

During Christmas, and as an expression of sympathy and gratitude, might not we all think about a family offering for the work of the L.M.S.? As an item of Christian education and as a reminder of the universal character of Christmas and the Holy Babe the practice may be commended. One of the real dangers of our British Christmas is that its nature narrows rather than extends the scope of our thought. Another is that its feastings and its pleasures over-emphasise the material side of it and localise its implication. Link the “family around the hearth” to the “family around the earth” this Christmas by a practical remembrance of the needy people of other lands.

Missionary Lectures in Schools

One of our missionaries at home has recently had gratifying experience of good work possible to missionaries when in the provinces on deputation service. He has offered through the local secretary to visit a school or two and to give a talk on the customs or geography of his missionary location. This can always be done without undue reference to any Society and without an appeal for money, but its direct influence in leading the sympathy of children on the right way is immense. Sympathetic headmasters are found in very many places. Auxiliary secretaries are particularly recommended to consider the possibilities of this form of service. N. B.

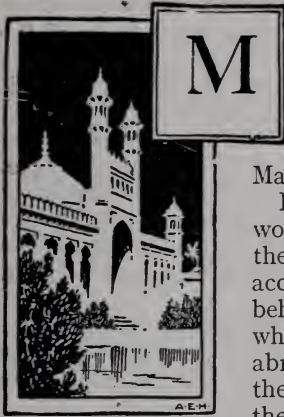
CHRISTMAS MORNING.

“Well, I’m glad I am a missionary. I can do no other. Unworthy, but called. We are in the right succession. Christ’s Kingdom is the only possible solution. These are commonplaces to you, but one likes to remind oneself of them on a Christmas morning: and to believe in the happy New Year that is surely coming in God’s own time. My good old father’s favourite quotation was, ‘The Lord Reigneth.’ We see not yet all things put under His feet (most certainly we do not yet in these parts), but we see Jesus.”—*Reflections of a Missionary in India.*

Makers of the Future

Malagasy Women and Children

By Walter Hockett of Tananarive



MALAGASY women have always occupied a prominent place in the social and religious life of Madagascar.

Formerly, like the women in all lands of the East, they were accustomed to follow behind their husbands when taking their walks abroad; now, unless the path is too narrow, they march side by side

with their menfolk. In the provinces which have been Christianised they move about freely and unaccompanied, with uncovered heads, along the roads and in the market-places; and they have never known the close confinement of the *zenana*. The only thing Eastern about them is that, in the house, when entertaining "company," they eat apart and *after* the men; and when in church, occupy the central or foremost seats.

The first martyr for the Gospel was a woman, Rasalama, the "Joan" of Madagascar, who accepted death at the spear-point rather than deny her "inner voices." The instigator of the first persecution against the Christian Church was a woman, Ranavalona, who preferred to follow her own national and heathen institutions rather than acknowledge the revolutionary teaching of the first missionaries.

The most amazing personality among the first Malagasy Christians was a woman, Rafaravavy Mary; a woman of stronger will-power and character than the Queen herself, who, by her abounding enthusiasm and utter devotion, almost alone maintained the faith of her fugitive and persecuted brethren.

Heavy Homework

The advancing tide of civilisation and changing conditions of life tend to increase the responsibilities of the wife in the home, and especially in the care and education of the children; so that nearly every woman contributes something to the family budget. From morning to night they labour in their houses to produce rush-hats, mats, lace, silk thread and silk shawls, and follow other arts and crafts taught them by missionaries;

while the unskilled classes are engaged as labourers in building operations and public works. Half the work in the rice-fields is done by women. Of the myriads and myriads of tiny rice-plants transplanted from the nursery plots to the rice-fields, each plant is hand-sown by women standing, or rather bending, in mud three feet deep, and often enough with a baby on their backs.

As a rule, the women of Madagascar who have come under the enlightening influences of the Gospel, have sound sense, and are capable of carrying out the onerous duties of "chancellor of the exchequer" in the home. They make excellent servants when mutual confidence has been established, loyal and true under proper supervision; and excel as teachers and *sage-femme*. No greater contrast could be imagined than that existing between a Malagasy Christian woman and her heathen sister: the latter, unspeakably dirty, a beast of burden, ignorant and degraded, a slave of superstitious ways of living; the former, intelligent, a companion to her husband, a mother to her children, capable of still higher development.



The writer and two countrywomen

As has been said, the development of women in Madagascar is finding expression in all manner of useful occupations ; in the improved conditions of home life and in simple and profitable handicrafts in the villages ; but more especially in the religious activities of the Church.

Many Women are Deacons

Women are not yet elected to the pastorate, although Rafaravavy Mary undertook the pastoral oversight of the church of refugee Christians in Mauritius during the last few years of her life ; and more than one request has been made for the appointment of a woman pastor. They serve, and serve faithfully and well, on the diaconate in every church ; they receive appointments as delegates to the district meetings of the Presbytery ; and they are looked to as the main supports of the Christian Endeavour Movement, the Temperance Societies, and the native Bible Society. Women often take part in public worship, read the Lesson and lead in prayer ; and many of them are excellent speakers at meetings held specially for women. In fact, very little can be done in any church until the women concur. Dorcas Societies hold the most prominent position among the auxiliary institutions of the church, and contribute very materially to such funds as the Native Missionary Society, the Sustentation Fund, and the stipends of the pastors. They are generally more generous than the men ; and when faced, for example, with the usual matter-of-fact statement by the Church Treasurer, cheerily respond that they themselves will undertake the responsibility for raising the amount of money required : and invariably do it.

It is the usual thing at the election of a pastor for the members of the church to pass singly before the missionary seated at the Communion table and to whisper to him the name of the person to be chosen. Very frequently the women will associate the wife with the name of the man they desire to elect ; and fully expect that she will take her place as leader in women's work in the church and Sunday school.

From what has been written, it will be concluded perhaps that the Malagasy woman is a paragon of all the virtues ; such a conclusion would be a wrong impression. She has all the failings of her nationality : timidity, superficiality, lack of foresight, changeableness. Divorce is still of far too

frequent occurrence ; and unhappy homes are generally the outcome of extravagance on the part of the woman, or of some mutual unfaithfulness. Both men and women are great mimics, hence their exposure to all the dangers of modern civilisation and Laodicean religiosity. Still, after all has been said, the emancipation and further enlightenment of the women is the one great hope for the higher development of the Malagasy people.

Those who know of the awful depravity of a century ago will rejoice in the change towards pure living which is shown in the lives of thousands of women and men in Madagascar to-day.

Motherhood and childhood in the great island are both different from what they once were, and Bethlehem has wrought the change.

The Children

No greater contrast could be imagined than the conditions of family life (if such a term, indeed, can be used) existing in a heathen hovel and those prevailing in a really Christian household ; for, it is a contrast of darkness and light (physically and morally), ignorance and intelligence, filth and comparative cleanliness, common herding together and a growing sense of the decencies of life. The difference is most marked, moreover, in the sense of responsibility for the proper training of children. In the minds of most Malagasy, there is a general underlying belief that all life given comes from God, however that life may have been produced ; but it is only in Christian homes that the conception has taken root, that there are moral laws to be obeyed in the production of human life, and that parents are responsible for the proper development of the life given.

Hence to-day there is an increasing solicitude on the part of Christian parents (especially among the women)—(1) to place their children in hostels, where they may be protected from the immoral influences that surround them in the towns and villages ; and (2) to give them the best education that their slender means will afford.

The crying need in Madagascar to-day is for hostels and more hostels. Where we have two or three such institutions, we ought to have twenty or thirty ; and here is a glorious opportunity for self-supporting men and women to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, if Malagasy Protestantism is to be saved in the future.

HERE AND THERE A.E.H.

A Cup of Cold Water

"**L**ORD, lord—water."—I heard a beseeching voice as I passed up the little village street to my rest-house. A storm of angry words broke out from a Mohammedan in a shop on my left hand, and I stopped to lend my moral support to the suppliants in the all-too-common scene of village life.

Two tired, dusty, dirty, almost naked figures, a man and a young girl of a low caste, were bowing cringingly with outstretched hands to two men of the goundar, or farmer, caste, who were drawing water for their cows from the village well. The goundars took not the faintest notice of the thirsty pair but went on attending to the needs of the animals.

"What is it, *sahib*?" I said to the angry shopkeeper, though I knew quite well what the answer would be. "It's these dogs, Amma," he said. "They won't listen to those poor wretches begging for water. They have not the hearts of men," and getting up from his bench he shouldered the young farmers away and seized the rope himself. They did not dare to say a word as he was a big burly fellow, and Mohammedans are not noted for patience and gentleness, to say the least of it.

I watched while he poured a big bucketful of clear sparkling water to the two thirsty travellers, who received it gratefully in their hollowed hands and drank to their hearts' content.

With a grunt he turned back to his shop. "Oh, *sahib*," I said, "our sacred books say that God will bless anyone who gives a cup of cold water to those in need." "Oh!" he said with a pleased smile, and sat down again in his little shop.

From Miss Inglis, Erode, South India.

* * *

Wireless in the Wild

"**L**AST evening I had one of the most wonderful experiences I can remember. Mr. Raws had got the wireless finished, and into perfect touch with Durban. It was amazing, astounding! It took my breath away. I sat here in my arm-chair, and heard a congregation singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' I don't know whether I wanted to shout or cry, the thrill was so intense. Then we heard the people repeating

the Lord's Prayer. There was a solo: 'Abide with me,' and an anthem: 'There is a green hill.' The minister gave a sermon on 'Rise, take up thy bed and walk'; it was a simple address, direct and clear. He spoke deliberately, as if he knew there were people at an immense distance, listening to his words. We heard the announcements, and after the sermon we had: 'Abide with me,' sung by all the congregation.

"Can you imagine what an inspiration it is, to be able to sit here, and follow an English service, to join with one's fellows in an act of worship?"

"On Wednesday we heard the results of the Test Match. When we heard that England had beaten the Australians, Mr. Raws and I leaped from our chairs and cheered, even though there was a Frenchman in the room, listening-in. He must have thought we had gone off our heads! I suppose we had for the moment. I shall be anxious to know what share good old Yorkshire had in the result. You think of us, away here at the back of beyond, hearing that, an hour or two after the game was finished! We go up to Tananarive to-morrow and shall have something to tell our missionary folk!"

Extract from a letter from the Rev. W. Kendall Gale, Anjozorobe, Madagascar.

* * *

A Visit from General Smuts

THE historic station at Kuruman and the modern institution at Tiger Kloof have both recently been visited by General Smuts, whose manifest sympathy with the work at both places has cheered everyone concerned.

At Kuruman he spoke at a large public meeting on the important place of the missionary as a friend of the Africans. From the days of Moffat, indeed from the time of Vander Kemp to the present day, our men and women of the mission stations, speaking the language and knowing the customs of the people have been able to render incalculable service by bridging the gap between black and white. Sympathetic understanding was never more needed than now, and the testimony of a trusted witness like General Smuts is of the highest importance.

Death of Rev. G. Bernard Wills

WE deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. G. Bernard Wills, of Almora. A fuller notice of his life will appear next month.

* *

Bao San Finds Out

A NEW missionary sketch for young people is now ready and ought to be used in many places about the time of the Medical Missions Week in February.

It is intended for very much the same kind of performers as "What Happened to Ranji," the most popular representation of recent years. Copies of Bao San will be sent, on receipt of 4d., by the Publications Manager at the L.M.S.

* *

Public Libraries and Missions

A GOOD book list for the help of Librarians has been prepared by the United Council for Missionary Education. It is a carefully selected list of less expensive modern books on missions which will suit the travelling library of country areas as well as the town library. A copy will be sent gratis to any reader of the CHRONICLE who can place it in the hands of Librarians or members of Public Library Committees. Apply to the Publication Manager at the L.M.S.

* *

"We Cannot Make Them Stumble"

THERE was trouble recently with two Mohammedan converts, because our boys ate pork. Their Mohammedan prejudices were too much for these new Christians. It is a long story, but the end of it was that, on their own initiative, our boys' council banned pork, and all other delicacies to which Mohammedans object, from their meagre dietary, saying: 'We are responsible for these new converts, and we cannot make them stumble because of what we eat, even though we have a right to eat it.'

A long second mile, that!

Mrs. Barber, Faridpur, Bengal.—From B.M.S. "Herald."

* *

A Suggestion to Ministers

THERE is one way in which Ministers might help the funds of the L.M.S., and that is by having a box (the "Hope of the World" one is admirably suited for this purpose) into which they could

invite those who have brought children for baptism to place a thankoffering contribution. Parents on these occasions are very glad to have the opportunity of making such a gift. A church in Worcestershire has used such a box for some years, and when it was opened the other day it was found to contain the sum of £3 5s. If such a practice was widely adopted it would mean a considerable addition each year to the funds of the Society.

* *

Islands and Ships

UNDER this title the first of a new series of story lessons for leaders will be issued in January. The lessons are intended for use among the older Primary and the younger Junior scholars, who have not so far had any special provision made for them in the missionary lessons. This set of lessons deals with John Williams, the South Sea pioneer, and with the children's ships named after him, together with related matters about the islands and the people who live there.

The price will probably be 4d. and a fuller announcement will be made next month. Meanwhile, teachers may with advantage be planning to use the lessons in the early months of 1927.

* *

Things Seen—South India

THE bus on which we were travelling from Palmaneer to Chittor station was stopped, and one of the passengers jumped out to break his coconut at a wayside shrine. We waited. After a while he returned with a part of his coconut only, and this he distributed among the passengers. Later at the station we saw pilgrims from Tirupathi, with their shaven heads, from off a train. They literally blew their own trumpets to make known their good works, and then processed through the town. Later still, at midnight, we had to change trains. Some Mohammedans, with whom we shared our carriage, at about 1.30 a.m. switched on the electric light, washed, laid their prayer mats towards Mecca, and then said their prayers, first standing, then kneeling and bowing their heads to the ground. All this (within the confines of a compartment) was repeated again just at dawn. So, you see, we have had a week of real experience."

(From a letter by Ethel and Frederick Maltus-Smith, of Gooty.)



Young Islam on Trek. By *Basil Mathews.*
(*L.M.S., 2s. net, postage 2½d.*)

"One by one, and group by group young Islam is beginning to strike its tents, and to move out on a new trek. But whither? Across what desert? Along what trail? Under what leadership? To what goal?"

MR. BASIL MATHEWS belongs to the world-wide missionary enterprise, but we in the L.M.S. must always feel that he belongs in a peculiar measure to us; and there is no need to say more to L.M.S. readers than that "Young Islam on Trek" is by Mr. Basil Mathews.

It has indeed all his splendid gifts in full exercise. There is movement and colour everywhere. From the mass of material with unerring skill the author has singled out the most significant and arresting scenes about youth for youth. It may escape notice how carefully Mr. Mathews has gathered and sifted his materials, and with what pains he has sought out his facts. The ease and swiftness of the movement will not disguise from the discerning reader that the author has studied his subject with an historian's training.

The very title carries us into the heart of one of the most significant and critical happenings of our days. Happily it is not being left to later writers to describe after the event the meaning of the break-up of Islam; while the thing is proceeding the readers of this book are able to take their place, not only among the onlookers but on the stage itself.

The book is for youth. It is for this reason a challenge to youth with its eyes on the future. Young Islam is striking its tents; but whither? Mr. Mathews knows the situation too well to let his readers be presumptuous. The decision which direction the renaissance is to take "will almost certainly be made in our lifetime, and we can share in creating the forces that will determine that direction." Mr. Mathews examines the possibilities. Can we have a liberalised Islam? Can science and the Koran agree? Good reasons are given for the belief that "if Islam is what nine-tenths at least of the Faithful believe it to be, it is inconceivable either as a rule of

life in a modern human society or as a saving principle for the soul of man." It is a golden hour for Christianity; if only Christendom could come to Islam with clean hands! There is no attempt here to disguise or cloak the misdoings of Christian nations; they are indeed called to repent, and to rid themselves of the "Crusader complex." Christendom has not worthily commended Christ to these races now on trek from Islam. Yet while this is admitted the striking words of Lord Bryce are quoted:

"No invader in all history going into the Near East from outside has done those lands any good except the missionaries."

Here is a "momentous exception." It means that the one supreme need of the Moslem world is being met here by the supreme gift that can be made. That gift is the creation of character—character in a new leadership; and character in the nations. The supreme force for creating such character is the power of Christian education. There is hope still; but it is a conditional hope. Four facts are noted. (1) Young Islam is moving towards some new civilisation. (2) Neither Islam nor Western civilisation, nor Western diplomacy, nor Western science can lead Islamic youth. (3) Christianity can instruct and develop both leaders and peoples for the new order of life. (4) The missionary forces have begun to see the supreme need and opportunity presented by this movement of youth, of shaping life afresh after the pattern of Christ's ideal.

What remains but to carry forward to fruition this heroic experiment already begun? Christ alone can lead the Moslem peoples to their goal. To youth comes the clear call to offer themselves to Him; so that they may think out in fellowship with Him and one another, and with young Islam the route of the new trek, and the goal of the new pilgrimage. E. S.

What It Feels Like. By "Doctor Robin."
(*Student Christian Movement, 2s., postage 2½d.*)

THESE are letters from a doctor out East to a colleague at home. They are real letters, not made up, and they tell the reader a thousand things which

he wants to know. The letters are in the easy and familiar language of college and mess-room. One letter begins in this hopeful fashion :

"Detestable Bill,

In your last offensive letter you say I've told you only of freak things and theoretical stuff (and who asked for it, you brute?), but have never given you any idea of how we really live and pass our days, and why don't I just describe an ordinary typical day."

Thereupon he begins a description of such a day, and a very crowded day it is. It is delightful to read of his conversations with his Chinese teacher. He tells of all his many duties, small and great, and answers in the end the question, Where the missionary side of it comes in?

"I prayed in the morning that I might be able to 'Practise the Presence of God' all day, and I failed to do it most of the time, as usual, but there were opportunities for doing it all day long, and perhaps I didn't miss them all. The thing that matters supremely is not so much what you say as how you live, and if you are to be a diffuser of sunshine you must see to it that you yourself live in the sunlight."

The book in its informal way should make a strong appeal to any who are considering whether they should set up their practice as doctors in the Mission Field. The writer is a highly qualified doctor, and he shows in the language of Sir Humphry Rolleston that there is "a wealth of material and of opportunities for work of the best kind, both in material and in social service, awaiting those who feel the call." A good book to give to the doctor and the medical student!

Raj—Brigand Chief. By Amy Wilson Carmichael. (Seeley, Service, 6s. net, postage 3d.)

THE story which Miss Carmichael tells has been told in brief by Mr. Shoran Singha, and it is one of those stories which will be immortal in the memory of India, the story of the Robin Hood of that land. But in Miss Carmichael's book those who have already read the story in brief will find it expanded with all that wealth of imagery and warmth of imagination which we are accustomed to look for in Miss Carmichael's work.

The story itself would have appeared to be

incredible if it had not been vouched for on unmistakable evidence, both by the author and others whose judgment cannot be questioned. It is the story of a gallant Indian against whom the native police waged a cruel vendetta. In order that he should not escape again after they had arrested him, for he had escaped several times, they broke his leg. In prison he was converted, and remained faithful to his Christian profession to the end, but he broke away out of prison and lived again on the hills, though no longer taking booty from people, but rather as a Christian Robin Hood.

The story of his life is told here with fullness and with great compassion; the book should be read by all who wish to understand India of to-day. It is no less a wonderful example of the appeal which Christ makes to the Indian heart. Few will read the book without wondering whether something should not be done to make an end of the cruel methods which it would appear the native police are able to use. There is clearly material for an inquiry.

E. S.

Beyond the Moon Gate. By Welthy Honsinger. (Gay and Hancock, 6s., postage 3d.)

IN days when it has become rather the fashion of the moment to pass China and the Chinese through an unkindly, critical sieve, it is a distinct relief to be reminded of the other side, even though the picture is over idealised. The writer of this rather slight book spent ten years in China in missionary circles, and seems to have been sheltered from most of the irksome unpleasantnesses which fall to the lot of the average missionary. At any rate she passes them by in order to concentrate on the picturesque side of Chinese life which she portrays in high colour. Would that things were just as this impressionable lady sees them. It would be such plain sailing.

But for those who enjoy the rather intimate revelations of a heart that is obviously stirred by the possibilities of an idealised China, the book will have its charms. It is at any rate "on the side of the angels," and that is just now no little merit.

N. B.

A Joy Ride through China for the Nurses' Association. By Cora E. Simpson. (Livingstone Press.)

MISS SIMPSON has been the General Secretary of the Nurses' Association of China since 1922, and in this book she describes her travels in China on behalf of the Association. The Nurses' Association has done, and is doing, splendid work for China in training nurses, preparing books on medicine and nursing in Chinese, and in many other ways. The book is written in a very friendly and conversational style, and gives many sidelights on medical missionary work in China. Miss Simpson speaks very warmly of Miss Hope Bell, who has been lent by the Men's Hospital, Hankow, to take up important work with the Nurses' Association.

*Any book reviewed in these pages can be ordered from The Livingstone Bookshop
See advertisements.*

A HAPPY AFTERNOON

Two Brothers, One Sister,
and Three New Books

"After the donkey had finished his supper, Esa tiptoed up to him.

'I'm going to help father make Baby a cradle,' he whispered into one of his long, smooth ears.

The donkey moved both his ears backwards and forwards three times to show he heard."

... read Mother, while four-year-old Billy looked at the picture of Esa whispering to the donkey. "Turn over, quick!" he demanded, eagerly greeting the picture he knew would come next—a picture of Esa and his father and mother and sister and brother and baby all lying fast asleep on the ground. It was December 27th, and Billy's aunt had given him for Christmas such a jolly little book, called "Esa, a Little Boy of Nazareth." Already in the two short days Billy had almost learned the story off by heart. He knew how Esa helped to make Baby's new cradle, and how he made friends with David and a wonderful picture book, and how Baby was made well at the hospital just in time to come home and be laid in the beautiful new cradle the very day after it was finished.

When Mother had read the last page, Billy shut up the book and carried it away to his very own bookshelf. Next door to "Ah Fu" and "Kembo" and "The Three Camels" was the little narrow crack where "Esa" lived. "Four very little books for a very little boy," Mother called them. But Billy only called them "my books," for they were among his very closest friends.

Then he trotted off to see what big brother John was doing. John looked very busy. "Be careful—don't joggle my arm, Billy," he said, as Billy crept close to see what was happening. "You see, it's very hard to get exactly the right colours," John explained, "and I do want these postcards to be good enough to send away," and he went on very carefully painting the picture of an Eskimo boy driving his dog. "Where's the big elephant, John?" asked Billy. "Oh, I finished that yesterday," said John, "and when I've done this picture, I shall do the Egyptian boy and his donkey. I



want to send New Year postcards I have painted all by myself. That's why I like this painting-book so much."

Billy watched John in silence for a moment, then walked over to where nine-year-old Molly was deep in a story-book. "Tell me about that book," begged Billy. "Oh, it's about an Indian boy and his sister, and how they went for a long journey in a bullock-cart and had all sorts of adventures," said Molly, too deeply absorbed in the adventures to spend more time explaining them. "I'll tell you more about it when I've finished the book, Billy," she said, so Billy knew that Auntie's present to Molly had been just as lovely as his own.

"I've never known the children spend a quieter afternoon," Mother said to Auntie later on. "Those books you gave them were just right. I hope there will be more of the same kind next year."

The books were:—

"Esa, a Little Boy of Nazareth," 1s. 7d., post free.

"Friendly Beasts Postcard Painting Book," 1s. 7d., post free.

"On the Road: Adventures in India," by Mary Entwistle, 1s. 7½d., post free.

They may be obtained from the Livingstone Bookshop.

The Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. *Indian Political Development. A Survey of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. Reprinted from The Asiatic Review.* 16 pp. Price 4½d. post paid, from Livingstone Bookshop.

MANY of those who are studying India this winter will be puzzled to find information

about the nature of the Reforms in India comprehended under this title. Very little in the way of detail is available in print, so that this paper, specially prepared by Mr. Stanley Rice, will be welcomed. It is a clear and concise summary of the Reforms which are to come up for review in 1929.

Swanwick, 1927

Our Annual Conference

THE dates of the Annual Swanwick Conference for next year are August 13th-19th. Programmes and registration forms will be available in March next. The fee for the Conference will be £3, including registration fee of 7s. 6d.

Owing to the very large numbers attending the Conference and to the fact that again this last August we could not take all those who wished to come, early registration is absolutely essential. It is good to know that churches and Sunday schools are getting into the habit of appointing representatives. We hope that where this has not been done so far the question will be raised at an early church meeting and that it will be decided to send a representative to the Conference. If provisional notice is given of the intention to send appointed delegates, places can be reserved and will be held until July 23rd, when names should be received. We feel that we ought to suggest to churches and

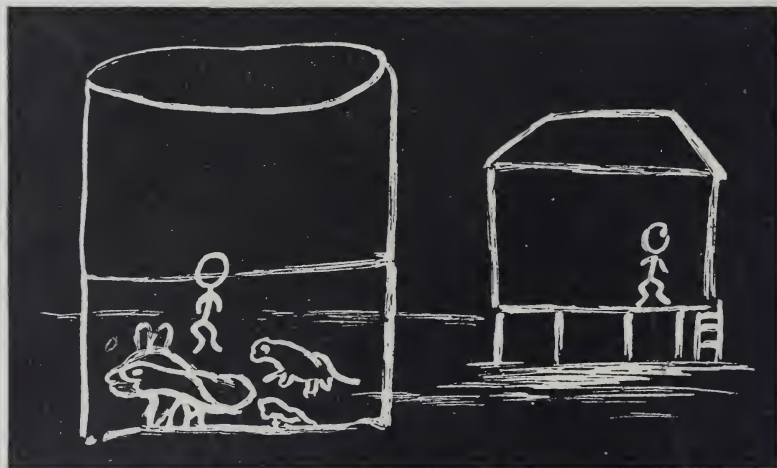
Sunday schools sending a large representation that they should choose their representatives with very great care, so that those who come may really be in a position to serve their church later, and that, for the sake of giving a chance to churches and Sunday schools not hitherto represented at Swanwick, delegations from churches previously represented should be limited in number and made up of those who have not before attended a Conference.

Efforts are being made to arrange a second Conference especially for missionary workers, leaders and Campaign officers, and probably some churches will find it advisable to send some of their representatives to the second Conference rather than to the first. Details of the Annual Conference, and of the second Conference should it be arranged, will appear in each forthcoming issue of the CHRONICLE.

I. P. C.

Expression Work

From Papua



Daniel in the Lions' Den

THE teacher of a Christian school among primitive people is enheartened and cheered by frequent signs of imagination which promise well for the future of the scholars. The custom of setting young people to express with pencil or crayon the substance of the lesson which has been given to them is common abroad as well as at home.

Mrs. R. Lister Turner in Vatorata, Papua, for instance, gives to the assembled children on Sunday afternoon the delightful task of putting form to their ideas with a piece of chalk. Here is an example. The lesson can perhaps be guessed. It is Daniel in the lions' den. At the right Darius may be seen spending an uneasy night, quite the idea of the child.

THE second lap of the campaign has begun, and there seems every reason to believe that the churches have settled down to the educational plan. The story books on India are having a great sale; the seven booklets in the Venturer series (2d. each) are in demand; a larger place is being given to missionary items in week-day activities; ministers are not only preaching quarterly missionary sermons, but also taking "Doings and Dreams" as the basis of their week-night services; deacons are reading "The Christ of the Indian Road"; and young folk are discussing "Going East." On the educational side fine work is being done.

Will Missionary Secretaries co-operate with the Campaign Officers in arranging

single-day or week-end conferences for teachers, deacons and other church workers, in getting the work of the Campaign considered by the church meeting, in putting the Campaign literature (free and for sale) in the hands of the right people? Packets of literature will gladly be sent on sale or return.

Nothing is more important than to gather behind the Campaign an increasing body of missionary intercession. No time could be more appropriate for this than the weeks leading up to Christmas. Let there be gatherings for missionary prayer in the churches or perhaps among little groups in private houses. The missionary significance of the Incarnation would make this specially appropriate. Let us this month give ourselves to prayer.

A. M. C.

A Good Tradition

THE oldest member in the Church will not be able to recall a time when at the First Communion of the year an offering was not taken for the widows and orphans of missionaries. It lifts a load of anxiety from the missionary in the Field to know that, if he falls, his loved ones will not be forgotten; provision will be made for his widow, and his girls and boys will remain at school, at Sevenoaks or Eltham, till they enter, fully prepared, into the business of life. The fund which makes this provision was begun more than a hundred years ago.

A tradition, honoured so long among our people, must be rooted in the very nature of our Christian fellowship, as it receives its most sacred seal at the Lord's Supper.

From the earliest days of the Church it has been the custom for the faithful to offer their gifts at this act of worship in token of their surrender of all that makes up their life to the Divine Host and Lord. Such gifts as money can only be offered to Him as He is to be found in His members, still on earth. The Christians in Corinth, for example, when they gave their offering,

The Widows' and Orphans' Fund

gave it for the saints in Jerusalem, alike with them members of the body of Christ, and suffering for His sake.

Through the ages this has remained the custom of the people of God. It belongs to the very heart of the experience which is ours at the Table of the Lord.

Once a year in our Churches we give and have given for a hundred years a special character to this offering; we take it for one group of fellow-members in the Church. In loving gratitude we give our gifts to the fund which provides for the widows and orphans of missionaries. We are honoured in this way by having given to us a personal share in the lives of these apostles, for apostle is only the Greek for missionary. We could not go over the seas ourselves. They went for us; and some of them are now in the evening of life, and need our care.

We are called to enter once more into this tradition which our fathers left us, and to make it our own. This we shall only do if we make this occasion one of personal service to these whom we acknowledge as our comrades and fellow-members in the household of faith.

I promise* [send herewith] £.....toward the fund for the support of the Widows, Orphans and Retired Missionaries.

Name (Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss).....

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Church.....

* Strike out words not wanted.

To the Missionary Secretary of your church, or to Rev. NELSON BITTON, 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

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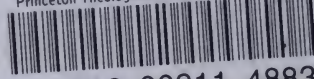
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